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ATLANTIS MANIFESTO

PETER LAMBORN WILSON

commentary by

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I

Atlantis sank or something sank whether continent
or heart. It will rise some day anti-depressant,
the very extremism we've been waiting for:
Brendan's whale, a tender welcoming shore.

Atlantaean DTA, how do you like me so far?
Moors of Holy Ireland, we must all learn Basque –
Blue Men in blue veils in stone circles:
Proudhonian machine-guns: a Masonic masque.

Thaumaturgic Aflatun, drowned cities of Lyonesse
are seen on certain nights, belfry bells
of Hy Brasil are heard in the surf's swell,
Aquaman, Submariner, always further West.

Anarcho-monarchist Black Thorn League of Atlantis, we
now await the Old Ones' return from fantasy.

II

And All The Atlantic Mountains shook. Our own mimeograph machine, our own ranting call-in show on shortwave radio, our own cult compound to rival Alamut or the Art-Mad monk. We turn our faces toward thalassic ziggurats. Utnapishtim the never-dead who gave Gilgamesh the Herb of Immortality (which he lost) later became a professional chef under Alexander the Great and later still a sufi under the name al-Khezr* the Green Man or Hidden Prophet, worshipped in India as merman & patron of bhang, the modern haoma; — we believe him to be the true founder of Atlantaean Hermeticism — now syncretized with Eyptian Freemasonry of Cagliostro and le Comte de St. Germain (probably Khezr in yet another disguise) and the Gnosticism of Proudhon, neo-platonic Luddism, Italian anarchists inspired by Stirner & Nietzsche in 1911, Fourier's proto-Surrealist Harmonialism, the "tri-racial isolates", the Moorish Science Temple, Ignatius Donnelly, Edgar Cayce, and Sandino.

* We have discovered that the name Ziusudra, the Sumerian original of Utnapishtim, is etymologically related to the name Khezr (KHiDHr). [Khezr is worshipped on islands in the Mesopotamian (or Persian) Gulf even today. (See Looking for Dilmun.)

IV

Signs of Neanderthal ancestry: second toe much longer than big toe; red hair; vivid dreams. Signs of Cro-Magnon/ Magdalenian heritage: Basque, Yoruba, Berber, Mayan, Breton, Canary Island, or South/West Irish genes — the Megalithic connection; type O blood, Rh negative. Above all, the decision to join our movement is sure proof of Old African / Old -European / Atlantaean heritage, just as the Calvinists used to say that joining their church was a sure sign of Election. You're pre-destined for Atlantis.

[NOTE: If Atzlan is Atlantis then the Athabascan-speaking peoples of N. America & Mexico might well be considered Atlantaeans. We defer to the judgement of the Elders on this question. We visited "Atzlan" in Wisconsin near Rock Lake with its sunken pyramids (see Atlantis in Wisconsin); the site is supposed by archaeologists to be the northernmost colony of the "Mound Builders". Atzlan consists of solar & lunar mounds of great proportions once enclosed by vast log palisades. We were the only visitors. The summer air weighed heavy, supersaturated, dense, green, spooky, unmoving. At the little dusty museum we studied evidence of cannibalism and saw photos of the ritual burial of two 8-foot giants, a hunchback, a turtle, & a "princess" shrouded in precious shells & beads. The young farmboy left in charge told us the bones had been removed to Milwaukee.]

V

The Quincunx, garden of the Atlantis Liberation Militia. Those undinic dancers have reincarnated themselves in our generation, those drowned ghosts far more real to us than any politician. Let's run an ad in the supermarket tabloids,

ATLANTIS WILL RISE
Pray For The Magnetic Comet
First Kill All The Malthusians
I Demand My Own Reservation
Take Back The Night: Ban Electricity
Civilization IS Its Discontents

Secede From Everything. ATLANTIS WILL RISE AGAIN

Dressed in green silk shirts & fur hats
à la Nestor Makhno our scouts
will some day declare war on Connecticut
torching SUVs & smashing your tellies.
We have a cult of Mary Shelley
we carry her portrait on huge banners
draped in deep mourning.

Our World Headquarters
a damp hotel in Ballinskellig
run by spoiled monks
we'll stroll up & down the strand
between the old graves

to the Pirate's Tower & back

under the titanic clouds

staring out to sea & chanting

These Mystic Rites

Yours For Only Five

One Dollar Bills

In the drowned city of Ys

tide-washed menhirs off Brittany's coast

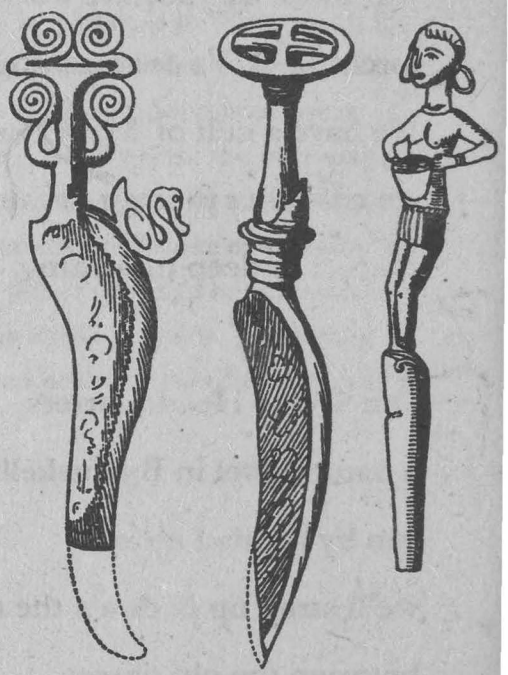
where Nine Druidesses prepared

the poisoned Cauldron of Poetry

In 2012 we predict

Atlantis will rise again

occult seduction



VI

The Radio Boys Seek The Lost Atlantis

1. Athanasius Kircher our hero joins
   the Disciples at Sais in the Temple of Neith
   down in the Subterranean World
2. He reads the stelae of orichalchum its hieroglyphs
   intoned by priests in robes of azure: (the Atlantaean color)
3. origin of the bullfight: this
   cup of blood
4. they have no names & never dream
   lost in the Tritonian Marsh, land of No Return
   with its River of Pleasure, River of Grief (Theopompus)
5. John Dee studies
   their Canarian language of whistles
6. Heinrich Schliemann's grandson
   inherited an "owl-headed vase" containing papers,
   square coins & "a metal plate from the
   Temple of Transparent Walls" inscribed "Property of
   King Cronos of Atlantis."
7. Madame Blavatsky's Stanzas of Dzyan
   translated from the Atlantaean original
   her cigarettes soaked
   in Tincture of Hemp

8. Coconuts & Palms
Apes & Ivory
Elephants & Bananas

where the Hesperides their song
Attune

9. Atlas son of Ouranos as inventor of astrology is syncretized
by the Church Fathers with Enoch
a type of Hermes

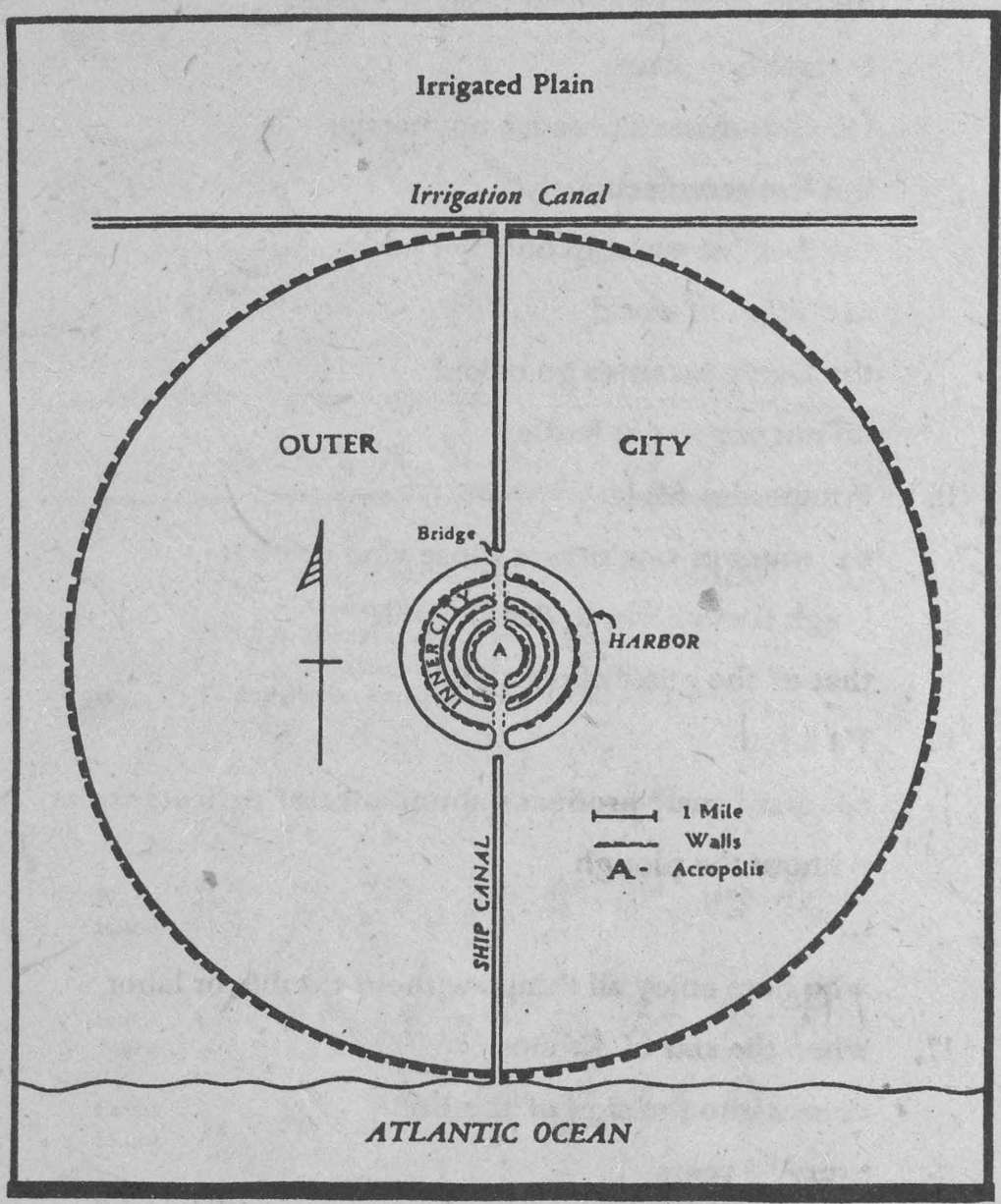
10. the Seven Sisters, the Pleiades
daughters of Atlas
golden apples of the Hesperides
perhaps tangerines
or fly agaric

11. Titans are half-snakes, like Nagas
like the Yellow Emperor, were-snakes
mermen, half-fish

12. Pindar, Nemean Ode III:

If Aristophanes' son, being beautiful,
Has done what befits his beauty
And scaled the heights of manhood,
Yet to travel further is not easy
Over the untrodden sea beyond the Pillars of Herakles.
Them the god-hero placed to witness to all
Of the limit of sailing.
He broke monstrous beasts in the sea
And alone tracked the currents in the shallows,
Till he came to the bounds which send men home,
And made the earth known.
My heart, to what stranger cape
Do you turn my voyage?

(ll. 18-28, C.M. Bowra, trans.)



THE CITY OF ATLANTIS, as described in Plato's *Kritias.*

13. And many a once renowned town
With wrack & seaweed overgrown

14. the Troglodytes live on flesh of snakes
& have no voices
the Garamantes practise no marriage
but live promiscuously
the Augilae worship only the powers
of the lower world
the Gamphasantes go naked
do not engage in battle

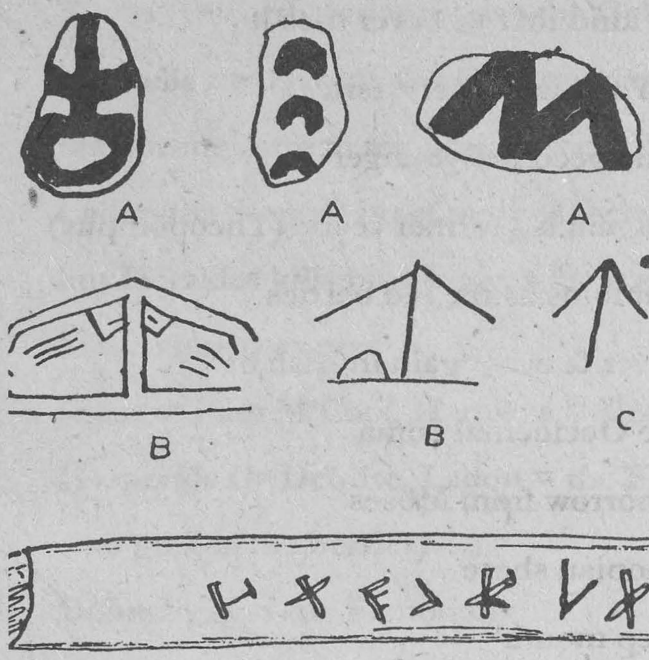
15. Pomponius Mela:
the water of one makes those who drink it
laugh themselves to death, while
that of the other cures all ills

16. Plutarch:
spontaneously produces abundance of delicate fruits
without the plough
...
who here enjoy all things without trouble or labor

17. when the star of Kronos
comes into the sign of the Bull
every 30 years

18. Kronos imprisoned on an island
a vast cavern sleeping on a rock
overlaid with gold

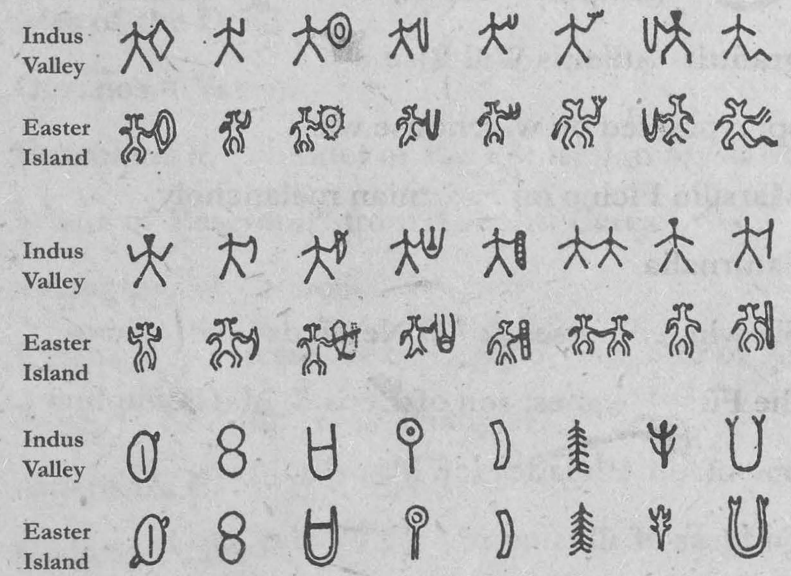
(Apparent Face In The Moon's Orb)



D

AURIGNACIAN WRITING AND SYMBOLS

A-A. Inscribed pebbles from Mas d'Azil.
B-B. Tectiform signs from Aurignacian caves.
C. Tectiform sign, American Indian.
D. Aurignacian inscription from Rochebertier, France.



Comparison of examples of Indus Valley and Easter Island scripts, showing extraordinary similarity although the centers of their use were separated by thousands of miles.

19. fruit of such kind that whoever tries it
is eased from all his former desires
in a short time becomes younger
& lives over again his former years (Theopompus)
— same symptoms as the red berries
mentioned over & over again in Irish lit
obviously the Occidental Soma

20. All of them borrow from Moses

21. "On the Canopian shore
By Nile's deep mouth"
recited by 10 year old boys
in the Apaturia

22. (Atlantis = Eden) (trident of Poseidon)
grafitti: Atlantis Will Rise
spraypainted on warehouse walls

23. Marsilio Ficino on Saturnian melancholy
Saturnalia

24. Six winged horses & 100 Nereiads on dolphins

25. the First Hermes: son of Zeus & Maia daughter of Atlas,
one of the P1eiades (cf. Mayans, Maya
goddess of illusion, month of May, etc.)

26. Titaea the earth goddess gave the Golden Apples to Zeus
who tells the Hesperides Girls to guard them well
but succumbing to temptation they pluck & eat
Ladon the Serpent is set to ward them now
but Herakles kills him & gives the apples
to the stoned women
(Zeus = Finn M'Cool, Herakles = Diarmuid,
Hesperides = Deirdre, Ladon = the Fomorian
who guards the berries)

27. Donnelly says the Fomorians
were Atlantaeans
they were also snakes
Tir na nOg was Atlantis
land of the Blest undersea
isles of the Dead

28. Ouranos = Varuna

29. Eumolpus the founder of the Eleusinian Mysteries
a "son of Poseidon" from Atlantis. Ceres
a daughter of Cronos

30. Calypso, sorceress, isle of Ogygia, daughter of Atlas

31. Sargasso Sea! Bermuda Triangle!

32. Athens (& Egypt) vs Atlantis =
Gods vs Titans =
Tuatha De Danaan vs Fomorians
the Neoplatonic Atlantis

33. Pomponius Mela:

Albion the Titan of Britain & Iberius the Titan of Ireland

vs Herakles

34. Neptune is from Libya (Herodotus)

35. the Revolving Castle

36. Gorgons & Amazons

37. Hesperus son of Atlas = the Evening Star

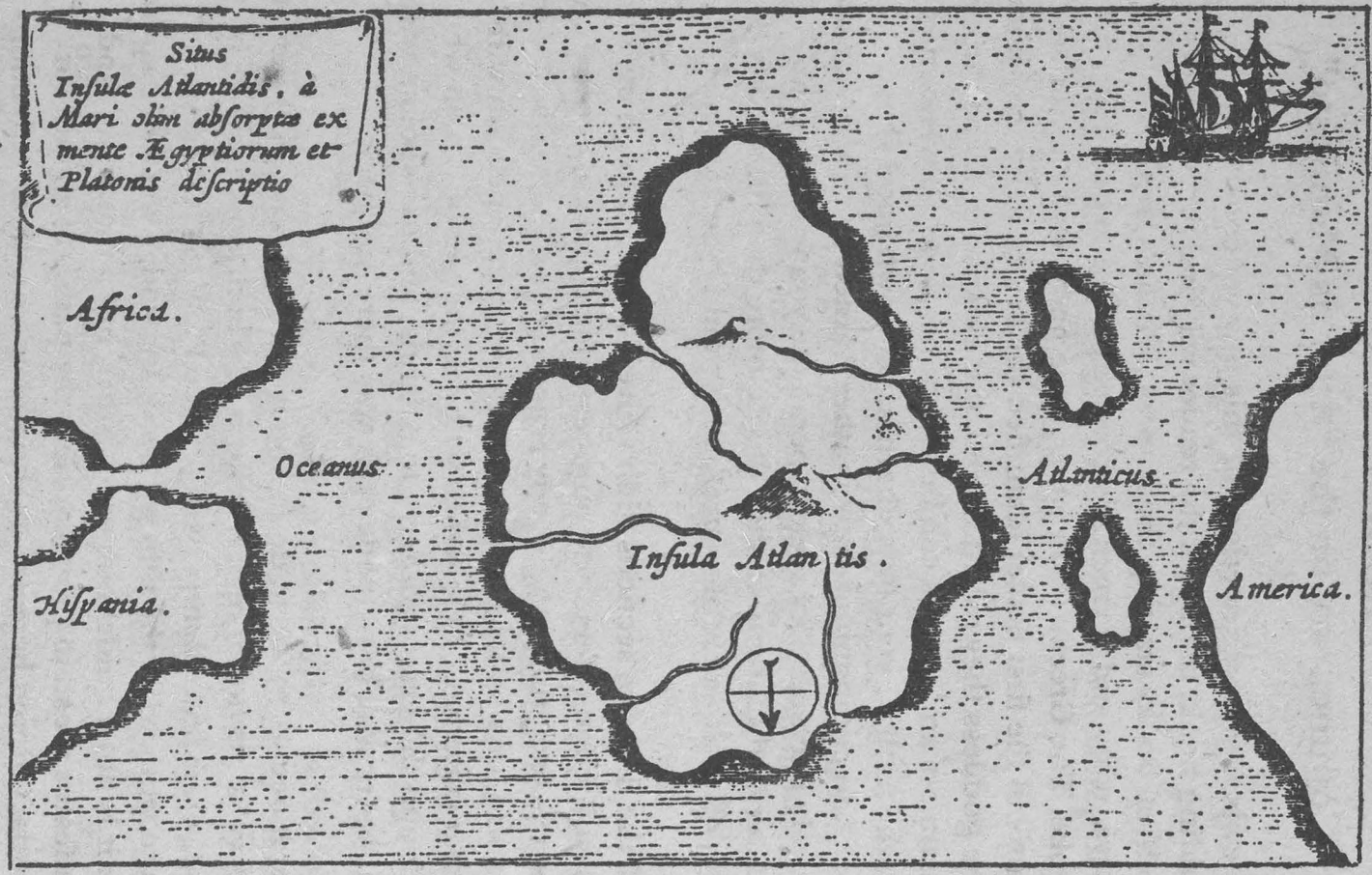
38. Druidism the religion of Atlantis

39. Mummification, trepanation, human sacrifice, witchcraft, circumcision, amazonianism, head-flattening, tattooing, thunderstones (wrapped like mummies):

Megalithic/Atlantic religion

40. Edgar Cayce predicted ATLANTIS WILL RISE in 1968 — and it did

and will again in 2012.



MAP OF ATLANTIS from Athanasius Kircher's *Mundus Subterraneus* (1544).
Note that in contrast to modern maps, north is down and south up.

ROBERT KELLY
Commentary on the "Atlantis Manifesto"

In the six numbered sections of this tiny yet constantly unfolding book, unpaged, the reader will find more than on a shelf of books starring the A word. Wilson's method is allusive, witty and correct: his concern is not to persuade, but to provoke. The Greeks (who gave us the name and coordinates of Atlantis in the first place) identified the evilest deity they knew as the goddess they called Peitho, the Persuader. All corruption of manners and morals can be laid at her door, all wandering from the path of your own dharma, your own good sense. Those bad companions your mother warned you about are bad precisely because they seek to persuade you from your way of thinking to their own. If they did no more than lift silently the flower of their sinful pleasures, who would bewray them?

As if the first five sections didn't give us enough to go on with, the last section offers forty numbered facts and clusters of fact. (A fact is something somebody reports, or calls attention to in the world, or a statement put in meaningful connection with another statement.) He writes with the insight of a man who has found the overnight ferry to Atlantis, and has spoken with passengers who have made their way there and back.

What it occurs to me to do to honor this book and alert readers to its value, is not to review it further, which would mean, in effect, to review Atlantis itself - since PLW gives us so many data to work with, the info we need. Instead, I want to respond to it: it is not a guidebook or a history, but a manifesto, and manifestos mean to provoke, clear the path. All aboard for Atlantis. Offered here are my first hour's worth of reflections his book provoked.

At the end of my remarks, I offer a new conjecture about the 'actual' location of Atlantis.

1.
Of Atlantis, we know there is only one place for sure from which it can rise.

Windswept seas cannot swallow forever the time-swept Image that rises to us, through us, as us.

We become Atlantis all the time.

When we have been good to time, and good to one another, the City comes back to us. When we have used our time aright, with pleasing and helping and consoling and thinking, then the Lord of the Interior — only part of which is Sea — , Lord Poseidon, lifts his horn and summons us to the dance we almost remember.

(The dance it is the business of all governments to make us forget. Carl Schmitt and his strange local descendants coopt dissent itself and rebellion into the texture of the law, making the 'state of exception' the norm of modern totalitarian polity. It will seem as I go along that wherever Atlantis was or is, it is the enemy of totalitarian - that is, arbitrary (monarchic, despotic) - government, since it proposes itself as founded on the natural order (seven terraces, seven planets) which are without exception. Totalitarian government, which used to yammer about Law & Order, is actually the opposite and enemy of order — since order by its nature can never be arbitrary. But I digress — thank God I still can.)

Wilson, though learned and scholarly by inclination, I'd judge, writes with whimsy, proffering half-cocked identities to us, as if to keep at bay the wrong kind of reader (of this book and perhaps of any book): the reader who wants to prove something, or see it proven.

2.

Polis (the privileged and much praised Greek name for city, or city state, as, The Athenian Polis)

is horror show too.

Polis killed Socrates.

Rightly, said Klages, who said he deserved it, truly did corrupt the youth, led them from speaking Gods to a mute Idea.

Polis is police.

3.

Anadromous, the salmon leap upstream, against the flow to breed, force their way against the current to breed and die. These are the Gnostics, hot for origins, for the land of the pearl, Oriens. Pearly luster of sperm, milt, egg. These are our heretics.

Catadromous, the eel swims away from its life. Downstream and away from the comfortable pools and creeks where it lives so close to us. Downstream and finally away from stream itself, away from current and from current events, going into the preposterously huge sea (seven-eighths of our planet's surface), hurrying on its sinuous way to fuck, in utter silent mystery — no human has ever seen eels mating — and beget transparent leaves, glassy idiolects that take ages to speak. These are the little elvers that in time make their way from Sargasso, where every eel is born, up all the streams of the northern hemisphere, Russia, Mississippi, Italy, Iraq.

These are the prophets who come from the sea, Poseidon's messengers, eel song, lipid romance, phallic shimmer, but their sex is hidden. The testes of the male eel were not confidently anatomized till the 1920s; Freud devoted his doctoral dissertation to the eel gonad problem; he came to an uncertain, but correct, surmise about their location.

(Freud! Isn't it interesting that of all creatures he would choose to examine the eel. The eel, whose whole sexual practice is, to our eyes at least, thoroughly repressed. Trying to find the testes in the phallus itself, the engine inside the symbol.)

Upstream, denying the customary flow of event, down to the seaweed sea, denying the customary flow of time, salmon and eel, the twin priests of Atlantis.

The Philistines were the Celts, who taught the Jews to cherish the eel - the snake it is licit to eat. The Irish, snake-deprived, are the remnants of the Cro-Magnon who worshipped, still worship, the eel and the salmon.

Dagon worshippers, whose dark chthonic and pelagic mysteries blinded the Sun God Samson, who took his revenge, governments always do, and tore down their temple. The Dagon worshippers set off for Donegal and Kerry, for shadowed Innsmouth and Arkham on the Miskatonic.

Out of the desert and into the sea, out of the sea and into every stream. Under the Kingston bridge I watched a kid pull up an eel every time he sent down his baited hook, eel after eel. They are many. And they have much to tell.

Abraham came from the eel-infested marshes of Sumeria, Shatt al-Arab, the source.

This is the oldest place we know words from. This is the very region that the infidel Saddam Hussein at-Tikriti sought with terrible success to destroy — culturally and physically. Murdered the Shiites and 'Marsh Arabs' who in their mud-daubed vaulted chambers built of reeds whispered Sumerian in their sleep. Drained the waterways and filled them in, the ancient gateway to Atlantis. God in His mercy knows what at-Tikriti thought he was doing, but we know that every tyrant hates Atlantis. If only because it is a hidden kingdom over which he cannot stretch his hand.

Abram, who listened. Who abode in his marshland until he heard the voice. Lech lecha, get you gone, arise and be gone from this place, the voice said, and Abram changed, went through his spiritual puberty, wasn't a greenhorn any more, turned virile, changed his name, set forth from his calm stream to breed, to breed such a multitude.

Abraham the eel, the circumscised snake.

The snake purified of malice and venom, maintaining his endurance, cleverness, adaptability, ubiquity, its phallic grace.

Enoch the salmon, Khidr.

The eel is green.

Eel is Aal in German, but ahal says Luther, perhaps missing the point, an eel is pure vowel, pure liquid.

*laks- is the salmon, the liquid that runs uphill, crashing on the rocks

where Arktos is waiting, *Rktos, the bear god of the north, the mouth of cold hell, the Government who gobbles up all heretics, snatching them as they leap upstream

and is nourished by them.

It is a bitter fact that the martyrdom of heretics seems to sustain the institution against which they struggle.

Fatal paradox of dissent. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," it is said, and how sadly that irony can be read.

So Atlantis works by silence,

dissent sunk deep
into a Sleeping Vigil
a Waking Torpor
a dreamer conscious of the dream,

bright-eyed silence,

the Buddha answers all question by hoisting that flower,

four decades ago Flower Power was the first flush from Atlantis's sluices as it rose towards '68 —

any flower's power is to be beautiful a moment, and then die, and then be born again

Atlantis is the long sleep from which dissent wakes, speaks clear, and is engulfed again,

silence always smiles.

4.

Sometimes a word is no better than a wound.

Yarmulkes and fezzes hold the chi in.

A man with a hat is holding his breath.

Tantrikas restraining what feels like (but is not) the self surging up to 'express itself' like any bad novelist.

Grimace of control. "Demon masks" teach us to keep our public faces to ourselves.

Put on this face.

F.X.Messerschmidt's heads of human types and predicaments. "Man Straining at Stool." "Man Born Mad."

Making faces. Making faces means resisting roles. The mother says: if you do that with your face, it will stay that way. Would that it could. Would that Atlantis could teach us the decency of making the countenance be a token (tekmar, Zeichen, sign) of the inner man. Socrates ugly without and fair within? They likened him to a grotesque Silenus chest in which medicaments were kept. Maybe. But maybe beauty is skin deep. Maybe what you see is what you get. Maybe a beautiful person is a karmic resonance as much as a lofty w[illegible]

Yesterday like Bruckner I lost my cap. But unlike him (who lost his cap or had it stolen on the Imperial Railway), I lost mine in a shoe store. Bad feng shui, to bring a hat into a den of Birkenstocks. The contradiction. I knew at once that this day I was a victim of the dialectic.

"At once" means later, the next day, when the cows came home, or not yet, when you hear their bonging Switzer bells over the hill,

not yet do I know what it means to lose something

to have lost something

to have something slip out of my mind

the bell ringing

Atlantis rising.

5.

I always enjoy belaboring the obvious. So the ocean of Atlantis is the aion, the cerebro-spinal fluid, the continuous ocean, unbounded, that flows from the brain through the spine to the amnion, that surfaces as semen and swinges our knees as the synovial fluid, all of that is aion, our own, our own aeon, our eternity. Eis aiona = forever. And into this sea has sunk some earlier knowledge, a science of being that is somehow veiled, mislaid, 'lost,' by the operations of the Socratic Geist.

Aion: the sea inside which the seven-circled city of the human brain floats secure, sealed, lost to view, forever speaking, processing, making me happen. Making me speak.

It just so happens that everybody has this fluid creek that, followed downstream, will lead them to the ocean, in which they will see, far off or near as Rockaway, the meaningful terraces of the Shared City rising.

No wonder we can gossip, eat lunch together, make love, enjoy one another's solos on the ukulele, weep at one another's graves.

All of this Peter Lamborn Wilson demonstrates (= "points out") by writing down the letter Ψ [psi] and calling it Poseidon's trident. The Emperor of Atlantis, who had a wife no one may name. Poseidon, who was lord of the Earth, whose name may be an ancient Potei dan or Potei gan, Potentate of Earth, Lord of the Garden where we began.

And his/her trident is Ψ, then, the psi of psychology, psychosis, psionics, first letter of Sappho's original name, the trident of the triune knowing, body, soul and what is that other thing? Is it a word that holds body and soul together?

Strange too that we have heard elsewhere of a god with an unspeakable name, a god whose name in scripture takes a plural form, a masculine plural of a feminine noun, the name we can sometimes say, ELOHIM.

The trident is not Neptune's alone.
It is wielded far East by Shiva,
lord of wealth & cattle, Lord of Atlantis.

6.
There are two ways an island can disappear.

I encourage Plato, like the Bible, to be read backwards or sidewise.

We are taught and have always believed that Atlantis sank beneath the sea.

Au contraire. Now it can be told:

The sea level fell, and left Atlantis part of some continent.

It is still there. Still here.

The island is hidden in the land.

Poseidon, as Frobenius made clear, is lord of the earth, and the Greeks too knew him as Lord of the Earthquake.

Some suppose Atlantis to have sunk thanks to an earthquake. But Atlantis is the earthquake, it is the earth that remains when the world is shaken.

When the sea falls and all the land connects.

Global warming scenarios predict that whether we want to see it or not, Atlantis will 'rise' again. The sea level will rise, the high places of the land will become atolls, archipelagoes. Ponape is Atlantis? Hawai'i? Do we have to wait till then?

It has never disappeared. It has only been lost. To be lost, you need a loser. We are the losers. Now to turn finders, finders keepers we sang when we were children sang Robert Duncan, purest of all modern Atlantean poets.

With finding in mind, where shall we look for the seven terraced city? Seven hills of Eternal Rome? Terraces of Cambaluc, Peking, the wide-eyed great Stupa of Bodhnath, the everlasting Bodh Gaya? Borobudur?

Every city I think has a piece of Atlantis. Atlantis really meant city, as human refuge from the condition of being hunters, or pastoralists, or agriculturists — something else for human energy to be busy with, the city work, a different kind of work, the work of else. The one that we can only accomplish with one another. We are the material.

Every city has Atlantis the way every Catholic altar is supposed to have embedded in it a piece of the True Cross.

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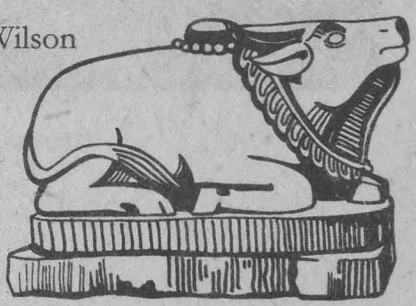

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POSEIDON, OR NEPTUNE

"What would we do without
Peter Lamborn Wilson?
A true Atlantean, he gives us
the lowdown & the highfive.
His mind to him a kingdom is
You will see Atlantis rising
in your own backyard.
He links the lights. He gives us back
our nights!"

Ira Cohen